

THE MOCK ORANGE BRIDGE WHIST CLUB.

By Grinnan Barrett.

"It looks as if there always had to be something the matter with the punch," said Mrs. Oliver Quiver, vice-president of the Mock Orange (N. J.) Bridge Whist Club. "Either they make it so thin and tasteless that you think you are drinking out of the finger-bowl by mistake, or they go to work and make it with claret, and claret is something which I simply cannot stand. I've said so often enough, goodness knows, for every member of the club to know exactly what I do like by this time; but some of them will go on having claret punch, simply because there are a few who profess to like it. Some people are so inconsiderate of others!"

"Then there was the time when Mrs. Addick trusted her cook to make it and the idiot—instead of the other kind of rum, the good kind you get at the department store for sixty cents a quart—poured a whole bottle of bay rum into it. It tasted awfully queer, but nobody said anything, of course, and a good many thought it was some new kind of punch that Mrs. Addick had heard about somewhere; and so we all sat there like martyrs and drank it down. I remember I drank two cups myself. I didn't hear about the cook using the bay rum for two weeks, and when I did it made me desperately ill. And then Mr. Quiver, instead of sympathizing with me, was mean enough to say it was all my imagination. As if drinking bay rum wouldn't make any one ill!"

"But that wasn't a circumstance to what happened yesterday when we met at Mrs. Beestinger's. My dear, it was positively disgraceful. It was so terrible that we all took a solemn pledge not to say a word about it outside, and now I wouldn't divulge it even to you, only I've heard already to-day of fully a dozen of the other members telling it around, and if I sit here dumb as a match much longer everybody will know it, and I won't have a chance to be first with it to anybody. That's the worst thing about promising to keep a secret with a lot of women. Unless you rush right away and begin telling it to everybody you meet it's all over town before the next morning, and you are left out altogether."

"But, as I was going to tell you when you got me off on the wrong tack, Mrs. Beestinger got her measurements mixed up and put ever so much more rum in the punch than the recipe called for. And my dear, it affected ever so many of them! Mrs. Lowlymeek, that never has a word to say to anybody, took two helpings of punch, and pretty soon she began to talk a blue streak and then her eyes got glassy and she quit talking and went to sleep right at the table, and it was her time to make the trump. And Mrs. Colefoot kept complaining that her partner looked so hazy; she said she couldn't understand why Mrs. Wiseburt insisted on looking so hazy; and she kept saying that she had sensations like she was on a merry-go-round and really felt like she ought to go out and get a breath of fresh air, only, she said, she was afraid she might miss the door, it was spinning by so fast. And a lot more things happened just like that."

"Of course, dear, it didn't affect me in the slightest. Only something I ate gave me a touch of dyspepsia, and I got rather dizzy for a few minutes, and then I had a sudden fit of depression and burst out crying. I'm certain that must have been the dyspepsia, too—dyspepsia always did affect my nerves, you remember—because only a moment before I had been in splendid humor and laughing at almost nothing. I came home with a frightful headache, too, and that would prove it was the dyspepsia, if nothing else would."

"I hear Mrs. Beestinger is awfully mortified because it happened at her house. She's a Good Templar, you know, and doesn't believe in doing anything in excess; and, besides, she fairly lives on coffee, so that the least little thing affects her dreadfully."

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

ARE THERE NO WOMEN FRIENDS?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

My Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:

There is one topic that you have not yet treated—a topic that to me as a mere stupid man is the cause of much wonder. Will you explain why it is that the world knows of Damon and Pythias, of David and Jonathan, but not of other men who have been friends, and yet the world does not know of—let us say Hypatia—and—? Why is this? W. R. C.

DAMON and Pythias have been a long time dead—like-wise David and Jonathan. Nevertheless, there exist among men to-day friendships as sincere and genuine as the bonded faith of these famed heroes. And it is to be feared there are none of similar sincerity among women. "Why is this?" The Evening World reader asks. I won't attempt to answer him as if I knew the answer, merely hazarding various, perhaps as to why it is thus, indeed.

One reason, of course, that never disturbs the even tenor of men's souls is the vexing element of beauty. A clever woman does not object to a beautiful woman so much if she can secure herself with the reflection that the beauty is a fool as well. The famous beauty is never seriously disturbed by her plainer sister's cleverness, but she will feel more certain of the latter's good character if she happens to wear dowdy clothes.

The merely clever woman and the merely pretty woman, therefore, can forgive each other and dwell together in a fairly good imitation of amity. But were it unto any woman if she be reckoned the possessor of both coveted qualities in men's esteem. The friendly sewing circle shall know her not, and her name will be a hissing and a by-word at the afternoon tea.

Her beauty, of course, is a matter of makeup, or else a mere childish prettiness that may please man, but does not stir him, while her success is entirely due to luck.

Again, why is this? Perhaps the answer is in the passive attitude of man in courtship. There are certain surface feminine rapprochements, based generally on convenience or expediency, that pass for friendship sometimes. One of the most lasting bonds between men or women is that created by a common grudge, and two persons often munch the apple of discord quite happily together just so there won't be any core for a third.

The perpetual personal equation is responsible for the lack of friendship among women, perhaps the fear that X is equal to or surpasses Y. Possibly some day it will be eliminated, and meantime David, Jonathan and the other famous pair need not fear feminine competition.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

To Remove Warts.

W. W.—The remedy for warts has been frequently published. I give it again with pleasure. The best way to have warts removed is by electricity. You can have them removed also by the use of an acid or by using this mixture. Apply the pencil every day or two to the wart.

To Apply Peroxide.

F. B.—Don't wet the ends of the hair with peroxide. They will simply get lighter and lighter. After washing your hair and drying it thoroughly, moisten the roots of the hair with half water and half peroxide. If it should not bleach it sufficiently, use more peroxide and less water.

water. Apply to the roots of the hair with a toothbrush or a small sponge.

For Softening Gums.

S. T. NICHOLAS—Try this for softening gums: Tannin, 1-2 dram; tincture of myrrh, 8 fluid drams; spirit of rose-almond, 2 ounces; tincture of iodine, 1 fluid dram. Rinse the mouth with the mixture diluted with a little water.

To Lighten Hair.

RUTH—After you have washed and dried your hair wet it again with half peroxide and half water. I think you are making a mistake to lighten your hair, for after a while it will undoubtedly show.

For Red Nose.

ROSE—Here is a remedy for red nose: Glycerine, 1 ounce; rose-mary water, 1-4 ounce; carbolic acid, 20 drops. Mix thoroughly and apply to the face with a velvet brush or with a linen cloth.

HAPPY DREAMS. By F. G. Long.



MR. HAPPYHOME By Walter Wellman.



LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

To Save Money and Win Health.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If we "free American citizens" would only do a little walking, instead of so much talking, the innocent exactions of the "money" mania of the traction trusts might be a thing of the past. These oppressors of the men who tramp through the snow and dirty ice in their bare feet in the days of Valley Forge can only be reached through their pockets. Don't talk, but when you can possibly do so—walk! We would find walking of inestimable benefit to our health, of material advantage to our pockets, and all of us would have the satisfaction of knowing that we were assisting in giving these traction trusts a swift kick. I save about twenty-five cents a day now by walking that would otherwise go into Belmont and Ryan's pockets. I escape many temper-spilling ordeals by walking, and find a satisfaction in thus getting square with somebody that is simply inexpressible. OZONE, M. D.

Spare the Rod!

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My little daughter has been very bad during the last few weeks. I have tried everything upon her except whipping. I do not favor corporal punishment and I have never given her a good whipping. Because of this I wonder if a severe whipping would do some good. I would like the advice of parents who have had experience. MRS. S.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

As a policy holder I am willing to be one to contribute to a fund for the erection of a "traitors' monument" to be erected in front of the Capitol at Albany, on which shall be carved, in granite, every one of the names of the men who defrauded honest policy holders of their rights. INDIGNANT.

Yes, If Elected.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can a President serve three or more terms in succession? W. C.

He Speaks Not of Marriage.

Dear Betty:

I AM going with a young man for the last two years. He cares a whole lot for me and takes me out twice a week, but he has never asked me to marry him.

What are the reasons?

Dear Betty:

AM a young lady of eighteen years and am in love with a young man five years my senior. He has asked me to marry him, but my father objects.

He earns a fair salary and smokes and drinks moderately. He wants me to keep steady company with him nor he never speaks of marriage. Do you think I should go with him or stick to him? I think a whole lot of him. He keeps him, but don't let him scare away others.

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THE NEW PLAY "Cousin Louisa" Is the Worst of the Spring Brood.

THIS theatrical incubator becomes an infernal machine at this season of the year. "The Optimist" was bad enough, but "Cousin Louisa," which followed it at Daly's last night, is by far the worst of the spring brood. Its author, Frederick Paulding, spread the reputation as an actor by appearing in the piece.

has a good voice, but, like Nance O'Neil, she doesn't know how to use it. She was very much alive, however, as a widow of the grass and sod varieties. Like an Ibsen play, "Cousin Louisa" was all over before it began. Louisa had divorced her first husband because he was poor, and then married an old millionaire who was obliging enough to die and leave her a fortune. In the end she gave away all of this fortune in order to win back her first husband, who wouldn't listen to taking her money. A leaky gas-stove had spoiled the flavor of their romance, but he was wealthy now and able to reckon without a gas-stove.

Meanwhile Louisa changed her name, as well as her clothes—in order to learn what her relatives were like. Incidentally she added a pair of young lovers to slope in a rain storm.

It was all very silly, and Mr. Charles Cherry, who played the ex-husband, seemed to feel this keenly. That venerable actress, Kate Denin Wilson, was placed in the ridiculous role of an old aunt who took off a red wig when the impulse seized her to lead an honest life. Her reward was a white-haired lover, who immediately took her in his arms. Money had come between them in their youth, and they had never tasted the joys of a gas stove.

Dorothy Revelle did her worst as a "cat" creature, and Charles Swickard was inimitable as the head of an uninteresting household. They distinguished themselves by being as bad as the play.

CHARLES DARNTON.

Diet for Shapeliness.

If a young woman wishes to be slender, graceful and beautiful it is not necessary that she should adopt a diet of pickles and state pencils and starve herself into shape. What she needs is plain, wholesome diet and regular habits. If she eats all sorts of trash at all sorts of hours, she may have what she calls a good time, but before a single season is over she will part company with every element of female beauty.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

let them mix with the whites of eggs and tomatoes. Serve at once on crisp toast.

Dumpling for Soup.
DUMPLINGS for soup that will not be hard when cold—Three cups of flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt. Mix with milk or cold water, roll out to half an inch thickness, cut with a knife or bluntnose cutter at all sorts of hours, she may have what she calls a good time, but before a single season is over she will part company with every element of female beauty.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THERE seems literally no limit to the variations of the lingerie blouse and no limit to its popularity. This one is among the prettiest and the latest, and is shown in white batiste with trimming of simple lace banding. It may, however, with propriety be made from silk and wool materials, as well as from washable ones, and can be either lined or unlined, so that the model serves a great many purposes. For the separate waist lingerie materials are a bit smarter than anything else unless it be the simple wash skirts, but entire gowns are equally correct in linen, cotton, wool and silk.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 2, 3 1/4 yards 27, or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with 3 yards of insertion.

Pattern No. 5345 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

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